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Choice Loetry.

RING OUT THE OLD, BING IN THE NEW.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going—let him go: Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Bing out a slowly dying cause. And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the core of sin.

The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic stander and the spite: Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out out old shapes of foul disease Ring out the narrowing last of gold Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

ling in the valiant men and free. The larger heart, the kindlier hand: Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

veble and faint, and grim and gray, his lest dark hour the Old Year lay; ad heavy came his parting breath, oh his eyes grew dim in the mists of death

Yet a few months past, when the Spring-time smiled, This gray Old Year was a merry child; And he rivated the lark as it cleft the air. And twined bright buds with his golden hair.

Then the Summer came, and the buds were flowers, And the nightingale sang in the blooming bowers; And a pensive youth, he loved the night, And the silent stars and the pale moonlight.

Still the mouths rolled on, and the Autumn now Gave its golden fruit from each bending bough; And with mind mature, he had reached, at length, The full perfection of manly strength.

But the leaves grew sure, and the Autumn passed. And the tall trees bent to the wintry blast; And the days wore on, and the end grew nigh, And the weary Old Year lay down to die.

Feeble, and faint, and grim and gray, In his last dark hour the Old Year lay; And heavily came his parting breath, And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet not alone—for Old Time stood there; He watched at his side with paternal care; And he gazed on the glass in his withcred hand, And jealously counted each chining sand.

Nay, not alone—for a company vast, The shades of the numberless years of the past Encircled the couch where the dying Year lay, And mournfully beckened his spirit away.

Then sullenly tolled, from a crambling tower. The solemn strokes of the midnight hour— And the ghost of the gray Old Year was free, With the shadowy past, in eternity.

Select Story.

FRANKENSTEIN

-OR.-THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

BY MRS. MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

"Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay, To mould me man? Did I solicit thee From darkness to promote me!"—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER XIV. "Such was the history of my beloved cottagers. It impressed me deeply. I learned, from the views of social life which it developed, to ad-

mire their virtues, and deprecate the vices of "As yet I looked upon crime as a distant evil; benevolence and generosity were ever present before me, inciting within me a desire to become an actor in the busy scene where so many ad-mirable qualities were called forth and dis-played; but, in giving an account of my intel-lect, I must not omit a circumstance which occurred in the beginning of August of the same

occurred in the beginning of August of the same occurred in the beginning of August of the same year.

"One night, during my accustomed visit to the neighboring wood, where I collected my own food, and brought home firing for my protectors, I found on the ground a leather portmantean, containing several articles of dress and some books. I eagerly seized the prize, and returned with it to the hovel. Fortunately, the books were written in the language the elements of which I had acquired at the cottage; they consisted of 'Paradise Lost,' a volume of 'Platarch's Lives,' and the 'Sorrows of Werter.' The possession of these pleasures gave me extreme delight; I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories, while my friends were employed in their ordinary occupations.

pations.

"I can hardly describe to you the effect of these books. They produced in me an infinity of new images and feelings, that sometimes raised me to costasy, but more frequently sunk me into the lowest dejection. In the 'Sorrows of Werter,' besides the interest of its simple and affecting story, so many opinious are can me into the lowest dejection. In the 'Sirrows of Werter,' besides the interest of its simple and affecting story, so many opinions are canvassed, and so many lights thrown upon what had hitherto been to me obscure subjects, that I found in it a never-ending source of speculation and astonishment. The gentle and donustic manners described, combined with lofty sentiments and feelings, which had for their object something out of self, accorded well with my experience among my protectors, and with the wants which were forever alive in my own bosom. But I thought Werter himself a more divine being than I had ever beheld or imagined; his character containing no pretension, but it sank deep. The disquisitions upon death and suicide were calculated to fill with me wonder. I did not pretend to enter into the merits of the case, yet I inclined towards the opinion of the hero, whose extinction I wept, without precisely understanding it.

understanding it.

"As I read, however, I applied much personally to my own feelings and condition. I found myself similar to, yet at the same time strangely unlike, the beings concerning whom I read, and to whose conversation I was a listener. I sympathized with, and partly understood them, but I was uninformed in mind; I was dependent on none. The path of my departure was free, and there was none to lament my annihilation. My person was hideous, and my stature gigan tie; what did this mean? Who was I! Whence did I come! What was my destination? These questions continually recurred, but I was unable to

"The volume of 'Plutarch's Lives' which I "The volume of 'Pintarch's Lives' which I possessed, contained the histories of the first founders of the ancient republics. This book had a far different effect upon me from the 'Sortows of Werter.' I learned from Werter's imaginations despondency and gloom; but Pintarch taught me high thoughts; he elevated me above the wretched sphere of my own reflections, to admire and love the heroes of past ages. Many things I read surpassed my understanding and experience. I had a very confused knowledge of kingdoms, wide extents of country, mighty rivers, and boundless seas. But I was perfectly unacquainted with towns and large assemblages of men. The cottage of my protectors had been the only school in which I had studied human nature; but this book developed new and mightier access of action. I read of meu conserved in public affairs governing or massacreing

their species. I felt the greatest arder for virtue rise within me, and abhorrence for vice, as far as I understood the significance of these terms, relative as they were, as I applied them, to bleasure and pain alone. Induced by these feelings, I was of course led to admire peaceable lawgivers, Numa, Solon, and Lycurgus, in preference to Romulus and Theseus. The patriarchal lives of my protectors caused these impressions to take a firm hold on my mind; perhaps, if my first introduction to humanity had been made by a young soldier, burning for glory and slaughter, I should have been imbned with different sensations.

"But 'Paradise Lost' excited different and far deeper emotions. I read it, as I had read the other volumes which had fallen into my hads, as a true history. It moved every feeling of wonder and awe that the picture of an omnipotent God warring with his creatures was capable of exciting. I often remarked the several attrations, as their similarity struck me to my own. Like Adam, I was created, apparently united by no link to any other being in existence; but his state was far different from mine in every other respect. He had come home from the hands of God a perfect creature, happy and prosperons, guarded by the especial care of his Creator; he was allowed to converse with, and acquire knowledge from, beings of a superior nature: guarded by the especial care of his Creator; he was allowed to converse with, and acquire knowledge from, beings of a superior nature: but I was wretched, helpless, and alone. Many times I considered Satan as the fitter emblem of my condition; for often, like him, when I viewed the bliss of my protectors, the bitter gall of envy rose within me.

"Another circumstance strengthened and confirmed these feelings. Soon after my arrival in

"Another circumstance strengthened and confirmed these feelings. Soon after my arrival in the hovel, I discovered some papers in the pocket of the dross which I had taken from your laboratory. At first I had neglected them; but now that I was able to decipher the characters in which they were written, I began to study them with dilligence. It was your journal of the four months that preceded my creation. You minutely described in these papers every step you took in the progress of your work; this history was mingled with accounts of domestic occurrences. You, doubtless, recollect these papers. Here they are. Every thing is related in them which bears reference to my accursed origin; the whole detail of that series of disgusting circumstances which produced it is disgusting circumstances which produced it is set in view; the minutest description of my set in view; the minutest description of my odions and loathsome person is given, in language which painted your own horrors, and rendered mine ineffaceable. I sickened as I read. 'Hateful day when I received life!' I exclaimed. in agony. 'Cursed Creator! Why did you form a mouster so hideons that even you turned from me in disgnst! God in pity made man beautiful and alluring, after his own image; but my form is a filthy type of yours, more horrid from its very resemblance. Satan had his companions,

fellow-devils, to admire and encourage him; but I am solitary and detested.' "These were the reflections of my hours of derhese were the reactions of my hours of de-spondency and solitude; but when I contempla-ted the virtues of the cottagers, their amiable and benevolent dispositions, I persuaded myself, that, when they should become acquainted with my admiration of their virtues, they would compassionate me, and overlook my personal de-formity. Could they turn from their door one, however monstrons, who solicited their compas-sion and friendship! I resolved, at least, not to despair, but in every way to fit myself for an interview with them, which would decide my fate. I postponed this attempt for some months longer; for the importance attached to its success inspired me with a dread lest I should fail. Besides, I found that my understanding improved so much with every day's experience, that I was unwilling to commence this undertaking until a few more months should have added to my wisdom.

"Several changes, in the mean time, took place

added to my wisdom.

"Several changes, in the mean time, took place in the cottage. The presence of Safe diffused happiness among its inhabitants, and I also happiness among the degree of plenty reigned. found that a greater degree of plenty reigned there. Felix and Agatha spent more time in amusement and conversation, and were assisted in their labors by servants. They did not appear rich, but were contented and happy; their feelings were serene and peaceful, while mine became every day more tumultuous. Increase of knowledge only discovered to me more clearly what a wretched outcast I was. I cherished hope, it is true; but it vanished, when I beheld my nerson reflected in water, or my shadow in

hope, it is true; but it vanished, when I beheld my person reflected in water, or my shadow in the moonshine, even as that frail image and that inconstant shade.

"I endeavored to crash these fears, and to fortify myself for the trial which in a few months I resolved to undergo; and sometimes I allowed my thoughts, nuchecked by reason, to rambie in the fields of Paradise, and dared to fancy amiable and lovely creatures sympathizing with my feelings and cheering my gloom; their angelic countenances breathed smiles of consolation. But it was all a dream; no Eys soothed my sorrows, or shared my thoughts; I was alone. my sorrows, or shared my thoughts; I was alone.
I remembered Adam's supplication to his Creator; but where was minef he had shandowed me, and, in the bitterness of my heart, I cursed

I remembered Adam's supplication to his Creator; but where was mine f he had ananohoed him.

"Antumu passed thus. I saw, with surprise and grief, the leaves decay and fall, and nature again assume the barren and bleak appearance it had worn when I first beheld the woods and lovely moon. Yet I did not heed the bleakness of the weather; I was better fitted by my conformation for the endurance of cold that heat. But my chief delights were the sight of the flowers, the birds, and all the gay apparel of summer; when those deserted me, I turned with more attention towards the cottagers. Their happiness was not decreased by the absence of summer. They loved, and sympathized with, one another; and their joys, depending on each other, were not interrupted by the casualties that took place around them. The more I saw of them, the greater became my desire to claim their protection and kindness; my heart yearned to be known and leved by these aminale creatures: to see their sweet looks turned towards me with affection, was the utmost limit of my ambition. I dared not think that they would turn them from me with disdain and horror. The poor that stopped at their door were ne'er driven away. I asked, it is frue, for greater treasures than a little food or rest; I required kindness and sympathy; but I did not believe myself atterly unworthy of it.

"The winter advanced, and an entire revolution of the seasons had taken place since I awoke into life. My attention, at this time, was solely directed towards my plan of introducing myself into the cottage of my protectors. I revolved projects; but that on which I finally fixed was, to enter the dwelling when the blind old man should be alone. I had sagacity enough to discover, that the unnatural bidoousness of my person was the chief object of horror with those who had formerly beheld me. My voice, although harsh, had nothing terrible in it; I thought, therefore, that if, in the absence of his children, I could gain the good-will and mediation of the old De Lacey, I might, by his

than I had ever heard him play before. At first his countenance was illuminated with pleasure, but, as he continued, thoughtfolness and sadness succeeded; at length, laying aside the instrument, he sat absorbed in reflection.

"My heart heart quick; this was the hour and moment of trial, which would decide my bopes, or realize my fears. The servants were gone to a neighboring fair. All was sileut invand around the cottage; it was an excellent opportunity; yet, when I proceeded to execute my plan, my limbs failed me, and I sank to the ground. Again I rose; and, exerting all the firmness of which I was master, removed the planks which I had placed before my hovel, to conceal my retreat. The fresh air revived me, and, with renewed determination, I approached the door of their cottage.

"I knocked. 'Who is there?' said the old man,—'Come in.'

"I entered; 'Pardon this intrusion,' said I; I am a traveller in want of a little rost; you would greatly oblige me, if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the fire.'

"Enter,' said De Lacey; 'and I will try in what manner I can relieve your wants; but, na
"Tensently iwas due to in man, and by my representations with him to my party.

"These thoughts calmed me, and in the after-noon I sank into a profoundsleep; but the fever of my blood did not allow me to be visited by peaceful dreams. The horrible scene of the pre-ceding day was for ever acting before my ever styling, and the entage were flying, and the entage was freatly neglect the fover of my blood did not allow me to be visited by peaceful dreams. The horrible scene of the pre-ceding day was for ever acting before my ever styling, and the entage was freatly my steps toward the well known path that conducted to the cottage. All there was at peace. I crept into my hovel, and remained in silent expectation of the accustomed hour when the provided to return to my bould greatly oblige me, if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the free."

"Enter,' said De Lacey; 'and I will try in what manner I

fortunately, my children are from home, and, as I am blind, I am afraid I shall find it difficult to procure food for you."
"Do not trouble yourself, my kind host; I have food: it is warmth and rest only that I

Charles America .

"I sat down, and a silence ensued. I know that every minute was precious to me, yet I re-mained irresolete in what manner to commence the interview; when the old man addressed me "By your language, stranger, I suppose you are my countryman; are you French!"
"No; but I was educated by a French family, and understand that language only. I am now going to claim the protection of some friends, going to claim the protection of some friends whom I sincerely love, and of whose favor I hav

'Are these Germans !' "No, they are French. But let us change the subject. I am an unfortunate and deserted creature; I look around, and have no relation or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me, and know little of me. I am full of fears; for, if I fail there, I am an outcast in the world for ever.'

"Do not despair. To be friendless is indeed to be unfortunate; but the hearts of men, when

nuprejudiced by any obvious self-interest, are full of brotherly love and charity. Rely, therefore, on your hopes; and, if these friends are good and amiable, do not despair."

"They are kind—they are the most excellent creatures in the world; but, unfortunately, they are treatured are interested. are prejudiced against me. I have good disposi-tions; my life has been hitherto harmless, and, in some degree, beneficial; but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a de-

testable monster.' "That is indeed unfortunate; but, if you are ally blameless, cannot you undeceive them? on that account that I feel so many over-helming terrors. I tenderly love these friends; I have, unknown to them, been formany months in the habits of daily kindness towards them; but they believe that I wish to injure them, and

it is that prejudice which I wish to overcome.
"'Where do these friends reside!" "'Near this spot.' "Near this spot."
"The old man paused, and then continued: 'If
you will unreservedly confide to me the particulars of your tale, I may perhaps be of use in undeceiving them. I am blind, and cannot judge
of your countenance, but there is something in
your words which persuade me that you are sin-

cere. I am poor, and an exile; but it will afford me true pleasure to be in any way serviceable to a human creature."

"Execlient man! I thank you, and accept your generous offer. You raise me from the dust by this kindness; and I trust, that, by your aid, I shall not be deven from the seciety and arm. I shall not be driven from the society and sympathy of your fellow creatures.'
"'Heaven forbid! even if you were really

criminal; for that can only drive you to desper-ation, and not instigate you to virtue. I also am unfortunate; I and my family have been con-

demued, although innocent: judge, therefore, if I do not feel for your misfortunes."

"How can I thank you, my best and only benefactor? From your lips first have I heard the voice of kindness directed towards me; I shall be for evergrateful; and your present humanity assures me of success with those friends whom I me on the point of meeting." am on the point of meeting.'
"'May I know the names and residence of those friends!'

"I paused. This, I thought, was the moment of decision, which was to rob me of, or bestow, happiness on me for ever. I struggled vainly for firmness sufficient to make the first destroyed all my remaining strength; I sank on the chair, and sobbed aloud. At that moment I heard the steps of my young protectors. I had not a moment to lose; but, seizing the hand of the old man, I cried, 'Now is the time' save and protect me! You and your family are the friends whom I seek. Do not you desert me in the hour of trial?"

were my father, my creator; and to whom could I apply with more fitness than to him who had given me life! Among the lessons that Felix "While I was overcome by these feelings, I ich the spot where I had committed the murder, and was eecking a more seciuded hiding place, when I perceived a young woman passing near of your native town; and towards this place I resolved to proceed.

But how was I to direct myself! I knew that I must travel in a south westerly direction to reach my destination; but the sun was my only guide. I did not know the names of the towns that I was to pass through, nor could I ask inin the hour of trial!

"At that instant the cottage door was opoued, and Felix, Saffe, and Agrtha entered. Who can describe their horror and consternation on beholding me? Agatha fainted; and Saffe, unable to attend to her friend, rushed out of the cottage. Felix darted forward, and with supernatural force tore me from his father, to whose knees I has transport of fury, he dashed me to

cling. In a transport of fury, he dashed me to the ground, and struck me violently with a stick. I could have torn him limb from limb, as the lion tends the antelope. But my heart sank within me as with bitter sickness, and I refrained. I saw him on the point of repeating his blow, when, overcome by pain and auguish, I quitted the cottage, and in the general tumult escaped unperceived to my hovel.

CHAPTER XV.

"Cursed, cursed creator! Why did I live! Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed! I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me; my feelings were those of rage and revenge. I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their shrieks and misery.

misery.

"When night came, I quitted my retreat, and wandered in the wood; and now, no longer restrained by the fear of discovery. I gave vent to my anguish in fearful howlings. I was like a wild heast that had broken the toils; destroying wild beast that had broken the foils; destroying the objects that obstructed me, and ranging through the wood with a stag-like swiftness. Oh! what a miserable night I passed! the cold stars shone in mockery, and the bare trees waved their branches above me: now and then the sweet voice of a bird burst forth amidst the universal stillness. All, save I, were at rest or in enjoyment: I, like the arch-flend, bore a bell within me; and, finding myself ansympathized with; wished to tear up the trees, spread have and destruction around me, and then to have sat down and enjoyed the rain.

"But this was a incury of sensation that could

have sat down and enjoyed the rain.

"But this was a luxury of sensation that could not endure; I became fatigued with excess of bodily exertion, and sank on the damp grass in the sick impotence of despair. There was none among the myriads of men that existed who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness towards my enemies? No: from that moment I declared everlasting war against the species, and, more than all, against him who had formed me, and sent me forth in this insupportable misery.

ble misery.

The sun rose; I heard the voices of mon, and knew that it was impossible to return to my retreat during that day. Accordingly I hid myself in some thick underwood, determined to devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my

devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my saturation.

"The pleasant sunshine, and the pure air of day, restored me to some degree of tranquillity; and, when I considered what had passed at the cottage; I could not belp believing that I had been too hasty in my conclusions. I had certainly acted impredently. It was apparent that my conversation had interested the father in my behalf, and I was a fool in having exposed my person to the horror of his children. I ought to have familiarized the old De Lacey to me, and by degrees have discovered myself to the rest of by degrees have discovered myself to the rest of his family, when they should have been pre-pared for my approach. But I did not believe my errors to be irretrievable; and, after much consideration, I resolved to return to the cottage, seek the old man, and by my representations win him to my party.

versation, using violent gesticulations; but I did not understand what they said, as they spoke the language of the country, which differed from that of my protectors. Soon after, however, Felix approached with another man: I was surprised, as I knew that he had not quitted the cottage that moroing, and waited anxiously to discover, from his discourse, the meaning of these nonusual abneziances. roso for revenge, such as would alone compensate for the outrages and anguish I had endured.

"After some weeks my wound healed, and I continued my journey. The labors I endured were no longer to be alleviated by the bright sun or gentle breezes of spring; all joy was but a mockery, which insulted my desolate state, and make me few more variefulls that I was to the contract of th

nnusual appearances.
""Do you consider," said his companion to him, "Do you consider, said his companion to him, that you will be obliged to pay three months' rent, and to lose the produce of your garden? I do not wish to take any unfair advantage, and I beg, therefore, that you will take some days to

beg, therefore, that you will take some days to consider of your determination."

"It is utterly useless, replied Felix; 'we can never again inhabit your cottage. The life of my father is in the greatest danger, owing to the dreadful circumstages that I have related. My wife and sister will-never recover their horror. I entreat you not to reason with me any more. Take possession of your tenement, and let me fly from this place."

"Felix trembled violently, as he said this. He and his communion entered the cuttage, in which

and his companion entered the costage, in which they remained for a few minutes, and then de-parted. I never saw any of the family of De

acey more.
"I continued for the remainder of the day in hovel in a state of utter and stupid despair.
protectors had departed, and had broken the
g link that held me to the world. For the first time the feelings of revenge and batred filled my bosom, and I did not strive to control them; but, allowing myself to be borne away by the stream, I bent my mind towards injury and death. When I thought of my friends, of the mild voice of De Lacey, the gentle eyes of Agatha, and the exquisite beauty of the Arabian, these thoughts vanished, and a gush of tears somewhat soothed me. But, again, when I reflected that they had sparned and deserted me, anger returned, a rage of anger; and, unable to injure any thing human, I turned my fury towards manimate objects. As night advanced, I wards inanimate objects. As night advanced, I placed a variety of combustibles around the cot-tage; and, after having destroyed every vestige of cultivation in the garden, I waited, with forced impatience, until the moon had sunk, to

"As the night advanced, a fierce wind arose from the woods, and quickly dispersed the clouds that had loitered in the heavens; the blast tore along like a mighty avalanche, and produced a kind of insanity in my spirits, that burst all bounds of reason and reflection. I lighted the dry branch of a tree, and danced with fighten the dry branch of a free, and danced with fary around the devoted cottage, my eyes still fixed on the western horizon, the edge of which the moon hearly touched. A part of its orb was at length hid, and I waved my brand; it sunk, and with a loud scream, I fired the straw and heath and bushes which I had collected. The wind fauned the fire, and the cottage was quickly enveloped by the flames, which clong to it, and licked it with their forked and destroying

licked it with their forked and destroying tongues.

"As soon as I was convinced that no assistance could save any part of the habitation, I quitted the scene, and sought for refuge in the woods.

"And now, with the world before me, whither should I bend my steps! I resolved to fly from the scenes of my misfortines; but to me, hated and despised, every country must be equally horrible. At length the thought of you crossed my mind. I learned from your papers that you were my father, my creator; and to whom could I apply with more fitness than to him who had

he hand of the old man, I created and protect me? You and your family are he friends whom I seek. Do not you desert me in the hour of trial?

"Great God? exclaimed the old man, 'who are you f' "At that instant the cottage door was opened, and Felix, Safie, and Agrtha entered. Who can describe their horror and consternation on beholding me? Agatha fainted; and Safie, mandered to the contract of t

stons, and then east me abroad, an object for the scorn and horror of mankind. But on you only had I any claim for pity and redress, and from you I determined to seek that justice which I vainly attempted to gain from any other being that wore the human form.

"My travels were long, and the sufferings I ondured intense. It was late in antumn when I quitted the district where I had so long resided. I travelled only at night, fearful of encountering the visage of a-human being. Nature decayed around me, and the san became heatless; rain and snow poured around me; mighty rivers were frozen; the surface of the earth was hard and chill and bare, and I found no shelter. Oh, earth! how often did I imprecate curses on the cause of my being! The mildness of my nature had fled, and all within me had turned to gall and bitterness. The nearer I approached to your habitation, the more deeply did I feel the spirit of revenge enkindled in my heart. Snow fell, and the waters were hardened, but I rested not. A few incidents now and then directed me, and I possessed a map of the country; but I often

and I possessed a map of the country; but I often wandered wide from my path. The approy of my feelings aflowed me no respite; no incident oc-

not. A few incidents now and then directed me, and I possessed a map of she country; but I often wandered wide from my path. The agony of my feelings aflowed me no respite; no incident occurred from which my rage and misery could not extract their food; but a circumstance that hapbened when I arrived on the confines of Switzer-land, when the sun had recovered its warmth, and the earth again began to look green, confirmed in an especial manner the bitterness and horror of my feelings.

"I generally rested during the day, and travelled only when I was scentred by night from the view of man. One morning, however, finding that my path lay through a deep wood, I ventured to continue my journey after the sun had rison; the day, which was one of the first of spring, cheered even me by the loveliness of its sunshine and the bahminess of the air. I felt emotions of gentleness and pleasures that had long appeared dead, review within me. Half surprised by the novelty of these sensations, I allowed myself-to be borne away by them; and, forgetting my solitude and defarmity, dured to be happy. Soft team sgain bedewed my cheeks, and I oven raised my bunnil eyes with thankfolmess towards the blessed sm, which bestowed such joy upon me.

"I continued to wind among the paths of the wood, annil I came to its boundary, which was skirted by a deep and rapid river, into which many of the trees bent their branches, sow building with the fresh spring. Here I paused, not exactly knowing what path to pursue, when I brard the sound of voices, that induced me to conceal myself under the shade of a cypress. I was scarcely hid, when a young girl came ranning towards the spring. Here I paused, undead the toshore. She was senseless; and I endeavored, by every means in my power, to restore animation, when I was suddenly her foot slipped, and she fell into the rapid stream. I rushed from my hiding-place, and, with extreme labor from the force of the current, saved her, and dragged her to shore. She was senseless; and I endeavored. by every mean

and made me feel more painfully that I was not made for the enjoyment of pleasure. "But my toils now drew near a close; and, two months from this time, I reached the environ

months from this time, I reached the environs of Geneva.

"It was evening when I arrived, and I retired to a hiding place among the fields that surround it, to meditate in what manner I should apply to yon. I was oppressed by fatigue and hunger, and far too unhappy to enjoy the gentle breezes of evening, or the prospect of the sun setting behind the stupendous mountains of Jara.

"At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection, which was disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who came running into the recess I had chosen, with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me, that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibled a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him, and educate

short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him, and educate him as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth.

"Urged by this impalse, I seized on the boy as he passed, and drew him towards me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes and uttered a shrill scream: I crew his hands forcibly from his face, and said, "Child, "but is the meanure of this?" I do not 'Child, ".hat is the meaning of this?" I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.'
"He struggled violently. 'Let mego,' he cried;

'monster! ogly wretch! you wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces; you are an ogre; let me go, or I will tell my papa.' go, or I will tell my papa."

"Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me."

"'Hideous monster! let me go; my papa is a Syndie;—he is M. Frankenstein; he would punish you. You dare not keep me."

"Frankenstein! you belong, then, to my enemy,—to him towards whom I have sworn eter-

il revenge; you shall be my first victim.'
"The child still struggled, and loaded me with

epithets which carried despair to my heart: I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

"I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph: clapping my hands, I exclaimed, 'I, too, can create despitation, and the statement of the second of the sec my hands, I exciains 1, 1, too, can create desi-lation: my enemy is not impregnable; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him." "As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw some-thing glittering on his breast. It was a portrait of a nost lovely woman. In spite of my malig-nity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I cared with delight on her dark eyes. ats I gazed with delight on her dark eyes moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, fringed by deep lashes, and her lovely lips; but presently my rage returned: I remembered that I was for ever deprived of the delights that such beautiful creatures could bestow; and that she whose resemblance I contemplated would, in regarding me, have changed that air of divine benignity to one expressive of disgust and enignity to one expressive of disgust and

"Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage! I only wonder, that, at that moment, instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony, I did not rush among mankind, and perish in the attempt to destroy

ranged through their immense recesses, cou-sumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. We may not part until you have promised to comply with my requisition. I am alone, and miserable: man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species, and have the same defects. This being you must create."

WAS MORTON AN INPIDEL. An Interesting Question Which Gught to be Settled.

In the interview with Mr. Reuben Dailey, published in yesterday's Courier-Journal, he states that Senator Morton was an infidel. This will

iished in yesterday's Conrier-Journal, he states that Senator Morton was an infidel. This will be news to the many good Christiau friends of the late Senator, and Mr. Dailey's charge has already been denied by several leading Republicans of Jeffersonville, and it now stands him in hand to make good his assertion.

The Indiana correspondent of the Conrier-Journal was constantly in or near the residence of Senator Morton for the three days preceding his death, and, as will be remembered, seat builtins often as to his condition. The three days were terrible days of agony to the dying Senator, and he frequently called upon Jesus Christ for mercy. The night before his death the extreme suffering of the distinguished politician and his cries and means were exceedingly distressing; so much so that his most hated political foe could not help but pity him. In his paroxysms of pain he would use such expressions as these, which were distinctly heard from beneath the window of his sick room, where were gathered on the pavement a number of newspaper correspondents: "God, have mercy!" "Oh, Christ, save me!" "Help me, Jesus," and other like utterances of a suffering dying soul. Furthermore, Senator Morton did not only want to live, but he was afraid to die, and although the question was propounded to him a short time before his death, "Oliver, you are not afraid to die?" his only answer was a sorrowful look time before his death, "Oliver, you are not afraid to die?" his only answer was a sorrowful look and a slight negative motion of the head. If Senator Morton was an infidel, his faith forsook him in his last hours. Perhaps some of the late Senator's friends can enlighten the public upon this grave question.—Courier Journal.

Scene, Penusylvania avenue. Time, Tuesday, after adjournment of Senate. Senator Blaine, strolling down the avenue, meets an oid acquaintance, Mr. J—(at one time private Secretary of Charles Sumner), who has just come out of a store with a package of figs in one band and a fig in the other, which he is eating. Blaine—"Why, J—, how are yon? (They shake hands). What are yon eating? (sive us one? (Blaine takes the package, extracts a comple of figs, chucks them in his mouth). "How is your health?" J—"Pretty fair." Blaine—"How's your family?" J—"Well as usual, thank yon." Blaine—"Come around and see me; good day." J—"Good day, Senator." Blaine moves on down the avenue, losking every man in theeye; speaking cordially to everybody he knows. This simple scene is a sample of the Senator's off-hand, hail-feliow-well-met style, which makes everybody like him, whether style, which makes everybody like him, whether approving his politics or not.—*Hashington correspondence Springfield Republican*.

WHEN bothing of particular moment is going on in the Semale Mr. Coukling always has plenty of leisure. But if a big speech is to be made by a Senator on either side of the chamber, then Mr. Conkling always has some important writing on hand, to which he ostentationally addresses himself until the excitement is all over. His seat is almost in front of Mr. Haine's, and all the time that gentleman was speaking to-day, Mr. Conkling's pen was busy rustling over the paper.—
Il askington Letter.

Miscellany.

A THOUGHT.

There never was a Valley without a faded flower.

There never was a Heaven without some little cloud—
The face of Day may flash with light in any morning hour.
But Evening soon shall come with her shadow woven
shroad.

There never was a River without its mist of gray.

There never was a Forest without its fallen leaf;
and Joy may walk beside us, down the windings of our

There never was a Sea shore without its drifting wreck,
There never was an Ocean without its mouning wave;
And the golden beams of glory the Summer sky that feek,
Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their zeure-mantical grave.

There never was a Streamlet, however crystal clear, Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its tide; Hope's brightest robes are broidered with the sable fringe

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain, And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the moun-tain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile has sourcely flitted, ere the anguished tear

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear. And those lips cannot be human which have never hear For without the dreary Winter, there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest Sum-mer sky.

The Cradle means the Coffin—and the Coffin means the Grave: The Mother's song scarce hides the De Profundis of the Priest-You may call the fairest roses any May-day ever gave.

But they'll wither while you wear them, ere the cuding
of your Feast.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid its maze, And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light; And our hearts are often burslened by the mysteries of our Which are never all in shadow, and are never wholly

and our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide. And our hearts of all Life's mysteries seek the meaning and the Key;
And a Cross gleams o'er our pathway—on it hangs the
Cruedined,
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper—
"Follow me."

INFIDEL TOM. Hacking the Monument of Paine-How He Was "Mewartized."

About one mile from the village of New Ro-chelle, on the White Plains road, and upon the farm presented by the State of New York, stands the monument erected to the memory of the pa-triot Themas Paine. In these days of body soatching and grave robbing it may be the duty of somebody to are who in the contract of the party who will be a second or the contract of t of somebody to ask who is to protect the tomb of this great man from descration! The body was taken out and carried away from the vault many years ago by his admirer, the late William Cobbett, who, upon his last visit to America, many years ago, entered the vault, took out the body and carried it to England, and, report says, body and carried it to England, and, report says, carried away at the same time a quantity of cord wood from the Paine farm, and appropriated the body and the timber as a profitable speculation. I need not say that the tomb of Paine is an object of notoriety to visitors, and that few persons visit New Rochelle who do not make a language to the traph of Thomas Primers. persons visit New Rochelle who do not make a journey to the tomb of Thomas Paine. Each visitor has a curiosity to gratify, and to be able to show a piece of the fomb of Thomas Paine—either of the shaft, the plinth or the platform, each and all of pure white marble—of no common event; and hence the shaft, the plinth, the base, the platform and also the cap have each been backed by visitors until the monument is defaced and sadly needs the restoring hand of defaced and sadly needs the restoring hand of some friendly committee who will repair the monument itself and rejuvenate the walls and coping, to show that we as a people have not forgotten that America in her need had a faithful friend in the person of Paine. The space, including the monument, is about twenty feet square, with a rude stone fence, more rudely coped, and inclosed with a front railing of iron, with a gate which is always on the swings.

The monument as originally designed and cut

with a gate which is always on the swing.

The monument as originally designed and cut was very artistic, but time and the hacking of visitors have made sad have with the structure. The shaft is probably ten feet high, with a three-inch molding, and a twelve-inch plinth, about five feet square, resting upon a platform, say six feet in length and of white marble. Upon the front, next to the road, is a best of Mr. Paine inclosed with a laurel wreath, elegantly executed, and above the bust is an inscription:

I send this communication to ask whether the numerous friends of Mr. Paine will not take measures to repair the shaft and the inclosure, and let the name of so illustrious a statesman be at least respected by protecting his tomb from descration, although his body has been "Stewartized" by having been carried to a foreign country without the consent of the people, and although many persons at the time saw the famous Cobbett and his helpdigging into the vault and carrying the remains away. The work was conducted in open daylight, a farmer with a large family residing within a few feet of the tomb and seeing it daily, and probably oftener.

The land upon which the monament is situated has passed out of the Paine family, and probably religious prejudices may account for the permissive carrying away yearly of parts of the monument, rudely broken off with hammer, chisel and stone, until the original is much defaced. I hope that the friends of Paine will visit the monument and set the stone-cutter at work to repair it.—Communication in the New York Herald. I send this communication to ask whether the

Charles Sommer was not the first Massachusetts Congressman who was assaulted in the Capitol in those "good old days" when Democracy ruled, and Northern men were expected to abandon their opinions. Thirty-four years ago, the venerable John Quincy Adams, then a Representative from the Quincy District, was called from his seat in the House by a page, who said that Mr. Sangster desired to speak with him at the door. Going out, Mr. Adams was encountered by a man who exclaimed, in an angry tone: "You are wrong—you are wrong—and I will kick you!" He then passed his right hand before Mr. Adams' face, and drew it back to strike, but the old gentleman seized his wrists and held them in a vise-like grip until the bystanders took care of him. "The Good Old Bays." care of him.

them in a vise-like grip until the bystanders took care of him.

Sangster was locked up, but he wrote a letter to Mr. Adams, attributing his conduct to another and uncontrollable passion, and on Christmas Eve he was admitted to bail. When the trial came off, the following March, Mr. Adams described the assault, but went on to testify that from the moment he received Sangster's letter of apology, every trace of resentment was vanished from his bosom, and that he would have been glad had the case not been prosecuted. The Court sentenced Sangster to thirty days' imprisonment and \$100 fine. While Mr. Adams thus refrained from urging the punishment of Sangster, he was convinced that he was either instigated to make the assault by—to use his own words—"some jackal of Jackson's," or that he had the matinet to see that nothing could so effectually recommend him to the patronage of John Tyler, from whom he was soliciting an office. He was, Mr. Adams believed, moved to make the assault as a passport to a lucrative position. The nerve and force exhibited by Mr. Adams showed the beneficial effect of his training. For upward of fifty years, he had risen soon after 4 in the morning, and until far advanced in life, he took an early swim in the sea, when at home, or in the Potomac, when here.—

Washington Letter to Boston Journal.

Boonesnoe, Ky, men say that the best twenty-acre field of corn raised this year in the State was on the land cleared 110 years ago by Daniel Boone. It averaged more than a barrel to the shock.

Louis Octavius Woods, an ectoroon employed at a rastaurant at 162 Clark street, in this city, has a history. Heary Clay once defended him for killings white man in self-defense. He was captible in spite of the prejudices of a Kentucky Jary, thirty-five years ago.— Chicage Inter-Ocean.

LOVE AND BULLETS.

An Old Story that Touches Ned Buntline A Strange Homance Revived in Nashville.

Strange Rousance Revived in Nashville.

Lenanon, O., November 16.—It has become quite fashionable now for newspapers to unearth and bring before the public, in all the ghastly ashiness of their grave-clothes, old crimes that have lain buried so long that they are almost forgotten of mankind. This is a history that has to do with one of the best known popular authors of the day, and the tragedy, in which he was one of the principal actors, has not been written of for twenty-three years. During this long period, E. Z. C. Judson "Neil Buntline," has been working away on fortune's tread-mill until he has attained a reputation in his narticular line which towers far above the great number of flash and tinsel "authors" who are his associates in the manufacturing of blood and thunder stuff for the morbid appetites of a great army of American renders. Judson might easily first enough material in the history of his own checkered career to make up a book which would prove his master; see. That he is a man of iron nerve, and possesses a terrible amount of determination, all will admit who know him. That he was, in the year 1845 at least, possessed of all the qualities that are indispensable in the building up of one of his almost uphear) of Inta he was, in the year 1845 at least, possessed of all the qualities that are indispensable in the building up of one of his almost unheard of characters, the following tragic leaf from his life will, I think, fully illustrate. The fact I have from reliable parties, and every citizen of Nashville who had arrived at the years of knowledge when the event took place, will re-

young author, unknown to the world and fame, lived in Nashville, and picked up a precarious livelthood by Bohemianizing. Like many another young man possessed of genius and a handsome presence, he was poor, and on that account was looked down upon by an old man who possessed a superfluous amount of this world's goods and a lovely daughter. Judson who possessed a superfluous amount of this world's goods and a lovely daughter. Judson loved the daughter of such a man, and his love was reciprocated in the passionate, devoted way that Southern girts always do such things. An influence such as it is very hard for an ordinary girl to resist was brought to bear upon the young lady, who worshipped the girted young writer, and one day she was married to a man named. Henry Porterfield, whom she declared she could not and, would not love. Young Judshe could not and would not love. Young Jadson did not die; on the contrary, he saw more of his duleinca than before her marriage took place. This is what rumor said.

place. This is what rumor said.

Mr. Porterfield was a weatiby, middle-aged merchant of Nashville, of good family, and a prond, nurelearing man. Rumor at least reached him, and made him listen to what she had to say. But even then, and for a long time after, when anmberless reports of his wife carryings-on with Judson reached his ears, he would not beed them, trusting implicitly in his heater half's integrity, and her respect for his heater half's integrity, and her respect for his would not beed them, trusting implicitly in his hester half's integrity, and her respect for his honor. One day in April, 1845, his closest friend came to him and told him such a story of Mrs. Porterfield's intimacy with the Bohemian, that he was compelled to believe, and in a towering rage, he accused his wife, who at first denied, but asferward, when his rage because terrible, she admitted her guilt, and told the man whom she had sworn to love, honor and obey, that she had betrayed him and trampled upon his honor. Porterfield, more like a lumnic than a same man Porterfield, more like a lumatic than a sane man, armed himself, and started out to search the armed himself, and started out to search the town for the man who had broken up his home. Some of Judson's friends had in the meantime told him what had happened, and advised him

to be on his guard.

Like a wild man, Porterfield raved through the quiet streets of the town. People stood in shop doors and looked from windows upon him, but none daried to approach or interfere with him. All the morning be kept on the streets, peering into stores, hotels, bar rooms and every public place, but no sight of Judson relieved his awful search. After the dinner hour the people who kept the shops put up their shutters and barred their doors, and pale'aced mothers frightened their children into not going into the streets, by telling them that a terrible man was there whom everybody foared. It was a strange thing that, with all his madness and the terrible thoughts that surged in his breast and occupied his brain, the injured husband never dreamed of doing any personal violence to the woman that had brought this trouble upon him. After she had admitted her gailt, she seemed to lose all the fear and shame that had before characterized her actions, and risare up seemed to lose all the fear and shame that had before characterized her actions, and rising up in the beauty and grandeur of a woman's wrath, she had hurled at the head of her husbard the fact that she never loved him, and that she would die for the man whom he threatened to kill. So it happened that in addition to the warning that Judson received from his male friends, there came one from a tall, dark, beautiful woman, who sought him in the place she knew she would find him, and mingling her tears with her words, she told her lover of all that had taken place, and urged him to fly with her at once.

that had taken place, and urged him to fly with her at once.

The day had worn away, and a few lights shone here and there through Nashville's deserted streets. There was a great superstitious feeling upon all men. It was known that Judson had not left the town, and as Porterfield, who had not partaken of food or rest, was still as wild and determined to kill his foe as ever, everybody feared that before the morning san again came to lighten up the world, a great tragedy would have been enacted. Judson, who was preparing to leave the place, ventured into the street, when the shades of night began to fall, and suddenly coming upon Porterfield in turning a corner, he recognized the man who was hunting him down, and, quick as a flash, drawing a pistol, he shot him. And the shot was a fatal one. He (Judson) then hurried to the botel where he was bearding, while an exwas a fatal one. He (Judson) then hurried to the botel where he was boarding, while an excited crowd, who had been drawn to the place where Porterfield fell, by hearing the report of the pistol, stooped low over the prostrate form, to catch the last faintly intered words. Porterfield must have been able to tell all, ere he breathed his last, for in ten minutes, a maddened mob dashed down the old street in the direction of Judson's inn, and were, in voices of thunder, demanding that he be given up. Some of the party had provided themselves with hastily arranged torches, that flickered and sputtered as a few drops of rain began to fall from the frowning heavens. All had pistols in their hands, and a great, tail Southerner, whose shirt was open, expessing a shaggy, sun burned breast the frowning heavens. All had pistols in their hands, and a great, tail Southerner, whose shirt was open, exposing a shaggy, sun burned breast had just exchanged: "By God, we'll have the cowardly bound, if we have to burn up the old trap?" when a window was heard to raise and fall, a form appeared for a moment above the crowd. The flickering, dim light of the torches fell upon the form for a moment, and showed it to be little, graceful and shapely. Then, before a pistol could be fired or an exchanation made, Ed. Judson jumped into the very midst of his terrible enemies, a weapon in his hand was seen to smoke twice, and he was gone, followed by the terrible roar let out from the mouths of twenty-five guns and pistols.

He escaped, but what became of the woman whom he left in the hotel, no one ever knew. It is said that to-day, however, he wears the scars of several wounds which he received when he ran the gauntlet of these twenty-five Southern gentlemen who were bent upon pres crying the "housh" of their companion, Por terfield—Cis. Com.

Spanking 50 Year Old School Boys.—At Sulphur Station, in this County, there is a colored brother teaching school. In addition to the regular day school, he holds night sessions for the benefit of the grown up darkies of the the community. Of the latter class, quite a number attend, all of whom are compelled to respect the discipline of the school, which is quite rigid. One night last week, three aged pupils (at least one of whom is a Trustee of this school), not having learned their lessons sufficiently well, were compelled to take a severe castigation, at the hands of their addle-colored teacher, who also required them to kneel down and repeat after him the Lord's Prayer. Some of these pupils are over fifty years of age.—Enisence (Ay.) Constitutionalist. SPANKING 50-YEAR OLD SCHOOL BOYS .- At

AGNES MAY FLEMMING, the novelist water says, but one novel a year. She cawork except in the spring and early on The rest of the year she allows her peculicant to lie dormant.